

Beyond thoughts Compass, that former fabulous storie
Being now scene, possible enough, got credit
That *Beneis* was beleu'd.

Buc. Oh you go farre.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In Honor, Honestly, the tract of eu'ry thing,
Would by a good Discourser loose some life,
Which Actions selfe, was tongue too.

Buc. All was Royall,
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gaue each thing view. The Office did
Distinctly his full Function: who did guide,
I meane who set the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together?

Nor. As you guess:
One certes, that promises no Element
In such a businesse.

Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was ordred by the good Discretion
Of the right Reuerend Cardinal of Yorke.

Buc. The diuell speed him: No mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That such a Keech can with his very bulke
Take vp the Rayes o'th'beneficiall Sun,
And keepe it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in him stuffe, that put's him to these ends:
For being not propt by Auncestry, whose grace
Chalkes Successors their way; nor call'd vpon
For high feats done to'th' Crowne; neither Allied
To eminent Assistants; but Spider-like
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O giues vs note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A guist that heauen giues for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.

Abur. I cannot tell
What Heauen hath giuen him: let some Grauer eye
Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride
Peepe through each part of him: whence ha's he that,
If not from Hell? The Diuell is a Niggard,
Or ha's giuen all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himselfe.

Buc. Why the Diuell,
Vpon this French going out, tooke he vpon him
(Without the priuity o'th' King) t'appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes vp the File
Of all the Gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay vpon: and his owne Letter
The Honourable Boord of Councell, out
Must fetch him in, he Papers.

Abur. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that haue
By this, so sickn'd their Estates, that neuer
They shall abound as formerly.

Buc. O many
Haue broke their backs with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Iourney. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poore issue.

Nor. Greeuingly I thinke,
The Peace betwene the French and vs, not valewes
The Cost that did conclude it.

Buc. Every man,
After the hideous storme that follow'd, was

A thing Inspir'd, and not consulting, broke
Into a generall Prophecie; That this Tempest
Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboared
The sodaine breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out,
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeaux.

Abur. Is it therefore?
Th'Ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry is't.

Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.

Buc. Why all this Businesse
Our Reuerend Cardinall carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the priuate difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I aduise you
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you
Honor, and plenteous safety) that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together; To consider further, that
What his high Harred would effect, wants not
A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Reuengefull; and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharpe edge: It's long, and't may be faide
It reaches farre, and where't will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Be some vp my counsell,
You'll finde it wholesome. Loe, where comes that Rock
That I aduise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinall Wolsey, the Purse borne before him, certain
of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: The
Cardinall in his passage, fixeth his eye on Buck-
ham, and Buckingham on him,
both full of disdain.*

Car. The Duke of Buckingham's Surueyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?

Secr. Heere so please you.

Car. Is he in person, ready?

Secr. I, please your Grace.

Car. Well, we shall then know more, & Buckingham
Shall lessen this bigge looke.

Exeunt Cardinall, and his Train.

Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I
Haue not the power to muzzle him, therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A Beggars booke,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.

Nor. What are you chaff'd?
Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely
Which your discafe requires.

Buc. I read in's looks
Matter against me, and his eye reuil'd
Me as his abiect obiect, at this instant
He bores me with some trick; He's gone to'th' King:
He follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reason with your Choller question
What'tis you go about: to climbe steepe hills
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full hot Horle, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England
Can aduise me like you: Be to your selfe,
As you would to your Friend.

Buc. He to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe

This

This *Spurwich* fellowes insolence; or proclaime,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be aduic'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe your selfe. We may out-runne
By violent swiftnesse that which we run at;
And lose by ouer-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor til'te run ore,
In seeming to augment it, waits it: be aduic'd;
I say againe there is no English Soule
More stronger to direct you then your selfe;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankfull to you, and Ile goe along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by Intelligence,
And proofes as cleere as Founts in *Italy*, when
Wee see each graine of grauell; I doe know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not treasonous.

Buck. To th' King Ile say't, & make my vouch as strong
As shore of Rocks attend. This holy Foxe,
Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall rau'nous
As he is subtil, and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't) his minde, and place
Infected one another, yea reciprocally,
Only to shew his pompe, as well in France,
As here at home, suggests the King our Master
To this last costly Treaty: Th'enterview,
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glasse
Did breake it with wrenching.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.
Buck. Pray giue me fauour Sir: This cunning Cardinall
The Articles o'th' Combination drew
As himselfe pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cride thus let be, to as much end,
As giue a Crutch to th'dead. But our Count-Cardinall
Has done this, and tis well: for worthy *Wolsey*
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this folloves,
(Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppie
To th' old dam Treason) *Charles* the Emperour,
Vnder pretence to see the Queene his Aunt,
(For twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper *Wolsey*) here makes visitation,
His feares were that the Interview betwixt
England and France, might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice; for from this League,
Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. Priuily
Deales with our Cardinal, and as I troa
Which I doe well; for I am sure the Emperour
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made
And pau'd with gold: the Emperour thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the Kings course,
And breake the foresaid peace. Let the King know
(As soone he shall by me) that thus the Cardinall
Does buy and sell his Honour as he pleases,
And for his owne aduantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To heare this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a sillable:
I doe pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appeare in proofe.

*Enter Brandon, a Sergeant
two or three*

Brandon. Your Office Ser-

Sergeant. Sir,

My Lord the Duke of *Buck-*
Of *Heniford*, *Stafford* and *Nor-*
Arrest thee of High Treason
Of our most Soueraigne King

Buck. Lo you my Lord,
The net has falne vpon me,
Vnder deuice, and practise

Bran. I am sorry,
To see you tane from liberty
The busines present. Tis his
You shall to th' Tower.

Buck. It will helpe me no
To plead mine Innocence;
Which makes my whit' p
Be done in this and all thing
O my Lord *Aburgany*: Far

Bran. Nay, he must beare
Is pleas'd you shall to th' To
How he determines further

Abur. As the Duke said,
The will of Heauen be done
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant
The King, t'attach Lord *M-*
Of the Dukes Confessor, *Jo-*
One *Gilbert Pecke*, his Coun

Buck. So, so;
The're are the limbs o'th' Pl

Bra. A Monke o'th' *Char-*
Buck. O *Michaell Hopkin-*
Bra. He.

Buck. My Surueyor is fa
Hath shew'd him gold; my
I am the shadow of poore *B-*
Whose Figure euen this inf
By Darkning my cleere Sun

Scena

Cornets. Enter King Henry,
der, the Nobles, and Sir T
places himselfe vnder
his rig

King. My life it selfe, and
Thankes you for this great
Of a full-charg'd confederat
To you that choak'd it. Let
That Gentleman of *Buckin-*
He heare him his confestio
And point by point the Tr
He shall againe relate.
A noise within crying room

Duke of Norfolk. Enter
Sniffolke; she kneels. *Ki-*
takes her vp,
her by

Queen. Nay, we must lo
King. Arise, and take pl
Neuer name tovs; you hau